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A N
ESSAY
ON THE
UNIVERSE.





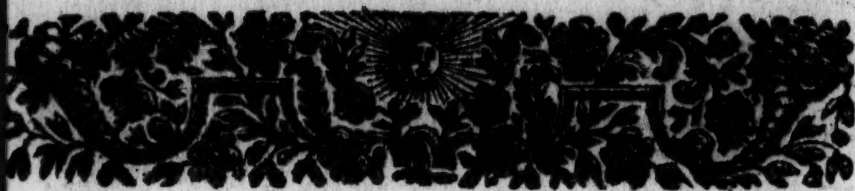
A N
ESSAY
ON THE
UNIVERSE:
A
POEM.

Me vero primum dulces ante Omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus Amore
Accipiant ; Cœlique Vias & Sydera monstrent.
Virgil.

L O N D O N :

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TO THE
AUTHOR
 OF THE
ESSAY on MAN.



USPICIOUS BARD ! while
 [All approve thy Strain,
 (All, but the Selfish, Ignorant,
 [and Vain)

I, (Whom no Bribe to servile Flatt'ry drew)
 Must pay this Tribute to thy Merit due;

Thy

Thy Muse, sublime, significant and clear;
 At once informs the Soul, and charms the
 [Ear;

Truth is her Aim, and Reason is her Guide;
 From Affectation, and pedantic Pride,
 Alike remote—serene her Numbers flow,
 And teach, that useful Good ——— Ourselves
 [to know!

Incited by presuming Pride ——— our Way
 We loose—and in a trackless Ocean stray;
 Like Ships without a Pilot, or a Helm,
 Meet hidden Rocks----or rushing Waves o'er-
 [whelm,

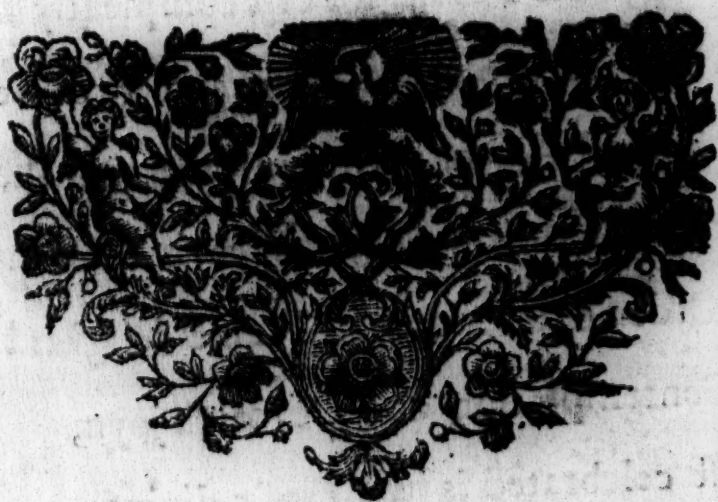
Short, at the best, is our imperfect Sight,
 And rising Errors, like the Gloom of Night,
 Involve Us round—What can the Weak and
 [Blind,

The Wilful, Rash, and Undirected, find?

All-comprehending *Providence* is just,
 In That alone We may, depending, trust;
 But, oh! for Happiness We rove in Doubt,
 While searching not Within Us, but Without;
 Descerning rightly, We should find indeed,
 Our greatest Evils from Ourselves proceed:
 Alas! our Understanding is so low,
 Not slightest Things we can compleatly know;
 How then, explore the Ways of Providence
 profound? — or gather Information thence?
 Yet, since this *boundless All* each View invites,
 Its Order entertains! Its Frame delights!
 Contemplation and Devotion joyn,
 Most celebrated is the *Pow'r* divine;
 As Reason prompts the Truth of Things to
 [weigh,
 and teaches with sincerer Zeal, t'obey;

Thus

Thus only let Us, as We can, aspire
To trace It, that We may the more admire !





A N
 ESSAY
 ON THE
 UNIVERSE.

OH, Thou, whose bold and penetra-
 [ting Eye,
 Sublimest Things judiciously discerns;
 Thou, who can't soar above th'ex-
 [panded Skies,
 Genius of Verse! of Nature's chief Concerns,

And high Omnipotence, her Sov'reign Lord,
While I presume to sing, Assistance send ;
Oh, to the Task *Benevolence* afford,
And Force, and Clearness well united lend :

Aid and direct my Purpose, that by Me,
Thro' *Revelation* of his Pow'r and State,
This World's sole Author more may prove to be
Than was before conceiv'd, immensely great:

Ye that Omnipotence to this our Ball
Confine, think far too meanly! *far amiss* !
Millions of Worlds He fram'd, and rules Then
[Al
Millions ! ev'n more magnificent than This !

Those Stars, and this our elemental Earth,
 Each *Thing* within this universal Space ;
 From Heaven's Almighty Hand receiv'd its Birth ;
 Which meas'ring Time shall finish and eface :

All Things are order'd for convenient Use,
 All *genial Vigour* copiously disclose ;
 And Nature Nothing vainly can produce ;
 We *boldly then*, and reason'bly suppose.

Not only This, which We by Custom call
 Our World,——the Stars embellishing the Skies,
 Are Worlds *alike!* th'Almighty rules Them All,
 And All did from the *Mass of Matter* rise !

Whatever mortal Eyes existant see,
 From solid Principles deriv'd its State ;
 Reason assures, and Nature's Rules agree,
 That empty Nothing, Nothing can create :

Thus *then*, innumerable Worlds are found,
 The Proofs of Nature's high prolifick Skill ;
 Which, thrown into th'illimitable Round,
 Move, as ordain'd by never-erring Will:

Yet Each perhaps, supposes all the Rest
 Were for its Use, and only Sake ordain'd ;
 Of Nature's Works the Greatest and the Best,
 It Self is, by fantastic *Dreamers* feign'd !

View yonder Star ! that in the glitt'ring Crowd,
 Your searching Eye *scarce* visible can find,
 You'd smile, were its Inhabitants so proud,
 To think all Others for Its self design'd :

Yet, this diminutive, this *abject* Star,
 (*Scarce* to be seen, *scarce* worthy to be nam'd,
 That thus obscurely glimmers from afar !)
 May be a World like Ours, as nobly fram'd !

Larger are Most, altho' so small to Sight,
 They, thro' contracting Distances appear,
 And, on the Mantle of the dusky Night,
 Like Gems, bedeck the glowing Hemisphere.

He sure, the servile Notion must disdain,
That Each is only as a nightly Guide;
Who thinks, if so, their Magnitudes how vain?
Their *Values* how *unsuitably* apply'd?

Nor can th' *Expense* be with their Numbers
[grac'd,
Feebly alone t'illuminate our Ball ;
Since One of all the Store, but nearly plac'd,
Wou'd more than yield th'Advantages of All :

For, lo! the *Moon* is spaciously confess'd,
And Silvers over our nocturnal Skies ;
More *Lustre* here *dispensing* than the Rest,
Because of her *Affinity*, not Size :

The

The Golden Sun, in his ætherial Race,
 To this our World most bountiful appears ;
 Who, with his ever cherishing Embrace,
 Ripens the Seasons of the circ'ling Years ;

Yet, why shou'd It be fallely understood,
 Here all his genial Qualities abide ;
 When, his prolific Beams with equal Good,
 Freely replenish many Worlds beside ?

As some transcendent Bard's *celestial* Rage
 (*The Profits and Delights of Human Kind*)
 Supplies his Own, and each successive Age,
 From th'Emanations of his *bounteous* Mind ;

So, this transcendent and *cælestial Thing*;
 (That holds from *Nature's Source* its radiant Blaze,
 Or *it, Itself, fair Light's eternal Spring* !)
 Pours *amply forth* its beneficial Rays !

There also are, in this expanded Frame,
 More Suns, that on dependent World's *dispencc*
 Their *gracious* Beams, replenishing the Same
 With equal *Lustre* and *Benevolence* :

For ev'ry Star that's fix'd, We may suppose
 A Sun, the same indulgent Office bears ;
 Light and productive Heat alike bestows,
 Which, ev'ry World, in near *Alliance*, shares :

And

And *Suns* and *Worlds* may *perish* and *renew*,
 Thro' ruling *Time*, or *Ordinance* divine ;
 Like the continu'd *Race* of *Mortals*, Who
 To *Life*, and *Death* alternately incline :

As *Fire* to *Things* combustible apply'd,
 Its rapid *Force* voraciously reveals ;
 Do's thro' the crackling *Mass* exulting glide,
 All Which its *Fervour* soon compleatly feels ;

So, vulgar *Things* with wond'rous to compare,
 So, to describe *Omnipotence's* Skill ;
 Matter do's *Order* instantly declare,
 And quick *Creation* kindles at its Will ;

Lo, at Its Will delicious Concord springs,
 Where Discord, or Disorder *e'er endur'd*;
 And the Confusion of *tumult'ous* Things,
 To Composition *gently* is *allur'd*!

Who can suppose the Lord of Nature can
Unbeneficially consume his Time?
 Or Pow'r Supream commit, What wou'd, in Man,
 Be held a Folly, or be found a Crime?

Who can suppose It grievous to create?
 As the renown'd *Lucretius* wou'd surmise;
 Or What's well fram'd, as well to regulate,
 Is toilsome to the Great, the Good, the Wise?

Toil,

Toil, or Vexation is proceeding still
Only from *painful*, or *disgustful* Things ;
From Works that suit th' Ability and Will,
By Nature the sublimest Pleasure springs ;

And Nature, aiming at Perfection, *strives*
T'exert her Self——Variety of Ways,
Freely and *beneficially* contrives,
And her diversifying Pow'r displays ;

Her universal Artifice and Care
Are boundless ; inexhaustible the Store
Of Matter ; *Motion ready to prepare*
Things yet unmade, and made, to furnish More.

How well adjusted is the ruling Call,
Which these fair Worlds incessantly obey !
How seperately Each, and joyntly All,
Their Author's true *Omnipotence* display !

Behold in what harmonious Order plac'd,
They move ! how They alternately advance !
Behold how, with *eternal Measure* grac'd,
They circ'ling *glide* in their celestial Dance !

Thus human Actions shou'd be just and fair,
And still to Regularity incline ;
Lest the sure Rule of providential Care
Be doom'd to frustrate the perverse Design ;

For human Actions (of this All a Part)
 Submit to Nature's *universal Laws* ;
 They are dispos'd by *Providence's Art*,
 And each Effect has its *contingent Cause* :

As some well fram'd mechanical Design
 Do's *Ev'ry-where* for joynt Concurrence call ;
 The num'rous Parts must well *consisting* joyn,
 And All on Each depend ! and Each on All !

Within this *universal Engine*, so
 (Tho' seemingly to Mens *uncertain Views*
Uncertainly) in certain Manner go
 All Things ! which still *revolving Time* subdues ;

Hence Form of Government is born, and dies,
 Hence War and Peace in various Turns succeed ;
 Schemes are unfolded ; Empires sink and rise,
 As Pow'r Supream divinely has decreed :

For

For the Creator is th^e informing Soul !
 Each Where, *like That*, diffusively remains ;
 O'er ev'ry Individual, and the Whole,
By Nature, his inferior Agent, reigns.

Oh, Ye of lofty and extended Mind !
 Accept this Tribute of zealous Muse ;
 Whom neither sordid Avarice can blind,
 Nor Education's Principles abuse ;

Who prone to scorn Whatever is profane,
 And *impositions* Bigottry to blame ;
 Not vilely abject, nor *too rashly vain*,
Resigns to Reason her well meaning Aim.



JEHOVAH:



J E H O V A H :

Or, A Brief

Essay on the Power of GOD.



J E H O V A H is beyond Conception
[great,

He Deeds incomprehensible per-
[forms :

Millions of Spirits form his awful State,

He walks upon the low'ring Wings of Storms:

Why

Why faintly speak I of Concerns so small?
His Word from Chaos struck this various All,
Which started to Creation at his Call.

Parent and Lord of universal Things,
To which He solely the Formation gave;
Whence Preservation, whence Destruction springs;
Whence All, Life, Period, and Existence have:

His pleasurable Will do's All sustain,
His Frowns break Nature's universal Chain,
And Worlds dissolv'd to Chaos sink again.

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